That has no relliſh of ſalvation in't,
Then trip him that his heele may kicke at heaven,
And that his ſoule may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes: my mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye up, my thoughts remaine below,
Words without thoughts never to heaven goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ſtrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes have bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood betweene
Much heat and him. Ile ſilence me even here,
Pray you be round. *Enter Hamlet.*
Ger. Ile warrant you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Goe, goe, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood not ſo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not budge,
You goe not till I ſet you up a glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me?
Helpe ho.
Pol. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead.
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Ger. O what a raſh and bloody deed is this!

Ham.

Ham. A bloudy deed, al
As kill a King, and marry wi
Ger. As kill a King?
Ham. I Lady, it was my w
Thou wretched, raſh, intruc
I tooke thee for thy better,
Thou findeſt to be too buſie
Leave wringing of your han
And let me wring your hear
If it be made of penetrable
If damned cuſtome have no
That it be proofe and bulwa
Ger. What have I done,
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and
Calls vertue hypocrite, tak
From the faire forehead of
And ſets a bliſter there, ma
As falſe as Dicers oathes:
As from the body of contra
The very ſoule, and ſweet
A rapſodie of words, heave
Yea this ſolidity and comp
With heated viſage, as ag
Is thought-ſicke at the act.
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ha. That roares ſo loud, a
Looke here upon this pict
The counterfeit preſentm
See what a grace was ſeate
Hiperions curles, the fron
An eye like *Mars*, to thre
A ſtation like the Herald
New lighted on a heaven-
A combination and forme
Where every god did ſee
To give the world aſſuran